# Sisters of the Flame

(TARDIS control room. Materialisation sound and console bleeps.)
LUCIE MILLER: Going anywhere nice, are we?
THE DOCTOR: Erm...
(TARDIS noise stops, replaced by their echoing voices in the silence.)
THE DOCTOR: Oh.
LUCIE MILLER: I'm guessing you didn't make that happen.
THE DOCTOR: No I didn't.
LUCIE MILLER: Any chance you'll be getting the lights back on soon? Can't see a thing. I mean, really, not a bloomin' thing.
THE DOCTOR: This is impossible.
LUCIE MILLER: Can't say I'm liking the sound of that. Doctor...?
(LUCIE MILLER gasps.)
THE DOCTOR: It's all right, it's all right. I've got you.
LUCIE MILLER: Thanks.
THE DOCTOR: And don't worry, everything's going to be all right.
LUCIE MILLER: Oh no, that sounds serious. You are going to find a way to get the power going again, right? Doctor? Doctor, say something.
THE DOCTOR: I don't know what to say, Lucie, it's as if ... Look, I know the feel of that control console. I can tell when it's alive, when it's going wrong, when there's a little hiccup, and when...
LUCIE MILLER: When what?
THE DOCTOR: When it's dead, totally dead, Lucie, it's as if all the Time Lords' power from the Great Eye of Harmony had never existed.
LUCIE MILLER: Pretty bad, then. And who could shut down this ... Eye of Harmony?
THE DOCTOR: No-one. Well, someone with a stellar manipulator maybe, but there was only ever one of those and that's long gone.
(Power returns.)
LUCIE MILLER: Whoah! Brilliant. Hah! How did you do that? You didn't, did you?
THE DOCTOR: No. No I didn't.
(Console bleeps.)
THE DOCTOR: It's as if it never happened.
LUCIE MILLER: Oh well, perhaps we just imagined it.
(Alarm noise.)
THE DOCTOR: Are we imagining that too?
LUCIE MILLER: If it's bad, I vote yes.
THE DOCTOR: Since when were things that made that sort of noise ever good?
(LUCIE MILLER gasps.)
THE DOCTOR: Hold on, hold on.
LUCIE MILLER: I get so many bruises from falling around in this place. Is it all gonna shut off and leave us in the dark again?
THE DOCTOR: Not if I can help it. Now, let's...
(Swirling noise.)
THE DOCTOR: Take a look at that.
LUCIE MILLER: Oh my God. It's ... it's ... I don't know.
THE DOCTOR: It's bad news, that's for sure.
LUCIE MILLER: Like a sort of square black hole thing sucking everything in, coming right towards us.
THE DOCTOR: Miss Miller, you have a way with words.
(Sudden lurch.)
THE DOCTOR: Whoah!
LUCIE MILLER: And ... and you recognise it, don't you? That thing.
THE DOCTOR: It is a particularly ancient and nasty piece of Time Lord technology.
LUCIE MILLER: Time Lord? Them again?
THE DOCTOR: And you're right, it is coming straight towards us. Well, I'm sorry, but if you want me to make a house call, you're going to have to ask a little more politely than that.
(Several vibrations, LUCIE MILLER gasps.)
THE DOCTOR: Ah, missed me. Well, I'm impressed, aren't you?
LUCIE MILLER: If we're safe I'm bowled over, Doctor.
THE DOCTOR: I wonder what all that was in aid of? If they want me to come home, why can't

they just call me up?
LUCIE MILLER: Any chance of landing? I'm getting a bit sick of all this lurching about and falling over.
THE DOCTOR: Yes, it is a little tiresome, isn't it? And I have to say, I'm rather curious to see exactly where we'll pop out of the vortex. Shall we take a look?
LUCIE MILLER: As long as it's somewhere nice.

(TARDIS materialisation. TARDIS door opened. Walking on metal.)
LUCIE MILLER: Oh. Not somewhere nice, then.
THE DOCTOR: I think it's a space freighter of some kind.
LUCIE MILLER: Yeah, yeah, looks pretty space freightery. No arguments from me. Dark, a bit smelly, very metal. Not staying, are we?
THE DOCTOR: I will just take a little look around.
LUCIE MILLER: So you can find some trouble? Oh! Hang on.
THE DOCTOR: What?
LUCIE MILLER: I've got a great plan. Let's *not* just take a little look around.
THE DOCTOR: Very funny.
LUCIE MILLER: Doctor, look out!
(Hissing of creature.)

(Creature with metallic voice.)
TRELL: Objective penetration, scanning.
(Electronic scanning noise then bleep.)
TRELL: Objective located. Report to Mr Zarodnix.

(Trill of communicator.)
ZARODNIX: Zarodnix? What is it? Have you found it?
TRELL: (speaker) Location confirmed, Mr Zarodnix.
ZARODNIX: (sing-song overjoyed voice) I knew it. I knew he would be here.

(Spaceship descent noise. Bleeps.)
EURETZ CAPTAIN: (speaker) This is Zarodnix freighter Euretz to approaching spacecraft. Please identify.
ROSTO: Police Marshal Rosto Caradia Trell responding to Four Nine Blue call.
EURETZ CAPTAIN: (speaker) Marshal Rosto, you are clear to dock and board. Our stowaway has been confined and awaits your interrogation. Er, and we'd appreciate it if you cleared this up as quick as you could, Marshal.
ROSTO: Captain, I will do my very best. Moving into dock.
(Rumbling.)
ROSTO: Do you have a name I can run through my system? Might speed things up a bit.
EURETZ CAPTAIN: (speaker) Stowaway has identified herself as Lucie Miller.
(Bleeps as though this name is being input.)
ROSTO: Lucie Miller. Sounds humanoid.
EURETZ CAPTAIN: (speaker) Human. From Earth, she says.
ROSTO: Unusual, out here. I'm not getting any matches on the system.
EURETZ CAPTAIN: (speaker) Huh! Doesn't surprise me. She's travelling with no documentation or intraship.
ROSTO: Well that's ... unconventional.
EURETZ CAPTAIN: (speaker, laugh) You could say that. Good luck with her, Marshal.

(Pacing on metal.)
LUCIE MILLER: Oh ... Hello? Hello?
(Pounding on door.)
LUCIE MILLER: Hello!
(Droning sound.)
LUCIE MILLER: Who's ... what's that noise? What's going on?
(Door slides open, droning approaching her. LUCIE MILLER gasps.)
LUCIE MILLER: Oh my God, get back. Keep away from me. Help! Somebody help!
ROSTO: Please don't be alarmed. I'm not going to hurt you.
LUCIE MILLER: What...? But ... but you're...

ROSTO: I take it you've never met a Trell before.
LUCIE MILLER: A what? If you mean a ten-foot tall centipede thing, as a matter of fact I have actually. About twenty of them to be precise and they kidnapped my friend the Doctor. And that's what I've been telling these meat-heads on this rusty old spaceship for the last ... I don't know, two days or so! Help!
ROSTO: Perhaps you'd like to sit down, and take a moment to calm yourself.
LUCIE MILLER: Perhaps you'd like to leave. The crew said they called the police so you'd better get out of here before I have you arrested for ... for...
ROSTO: For what? Being a ten-foot tall centipede thing? I don't actually think that's a registered offence. And besides, I *am* the police.
LUCIE MILLER: What?
ROSTO: I am Marshal Rosto Caradia Trell.
LUCIE MILLER: You?
ROSTO: Now, please sit down, Lucie Miller.
LUCIE MILLER: How do you know my name?
ROSTO: I'm very thorough. Please sit down and explain your circumstances.
LUCIE MILLER: What did you say you were, a Trell?
ROSTO: Yes.
LUCIE MILLER: So why did your buddies want to kidnap the Doctor?
ROSTO: My buddies?
LUCIE MILLER: I told you, twenty or more of your lot. They came leaping out of the dark as the moment we got out of the TARDIS.
ROSTO: TARDIS?
LUCIE MILLER: Our ship. Don't dodge the question.
ROSTO: You think I was involved in the kidnap of your friend?
LUCIE MILLER: Yes. Don't deny it, I saw you. And there was a woman as well.
ROSTO: A humanoid female was present...
LUCIE MILLER: Yes, a humanoid female. Don't pretend you don't know anything about it.
ROSTO: I'm not pretending anything.
LUCIE MILLER: Look, I want some answers. You've got no right to keep me here.
ROSTO: The crew of this ship has *every* right to keep you here. You were discovered on board without permission or proper documentation.
LUCIE MILLER: I don't have *any* documentation, thank you very much.
ROSTO: Precisely. You should be grateful that you've landed on a Zarodnix ship.
LUCIE MILLER: Oh grateful, of course, silly me. Take me to the Doctor, that's all I'm interested in. Come on! Move your ... well, whatever it is you've got back there.
ROSTO: On the free-trader ships the captains don't often take the time to report stowaways. They simply blow them out of the airlock. Saves on paperwork. The Zarodnix Corporation is an interplanetary company of some standing, which is why you are currently under arrest, rather than floating dead in Space.
LUCIE MILLER: I'm under arrest? Nobody's arrested me.
ROSTO: I have, the moment I came into this room.
LUCIE MILLER: Don't you have to caution me or something?
ROSTO: I'm ... afraid I don't understand your words.
LUCIE MILLER: Isn't that a little translator box thing your voice is coming out of? Has it gone wrong or something? Where I come from, people are read their rights before they're locked up.
ROSTO: You do have rights, Lucie Miller. You have the right to explain yourself. Please begin.
LUCIE MILLER: All right. What, are you getting this down, you know, recording it?
ROSTO: I am.
LUCIE MILLER: Oh. (Clears throat.) Well then. It's like I was saying. The moment we left the TARDIS...
ROSTO: Your ship?
LUCIE MILLER: Yes.
ROSTO: Where was your ship?
LUCIE MILLER: What? Downstairs. You know, in the cargo hold or something. Anyway...
ROSTO: How did your ship get there?
LUCIE MILLER: Does that matter?
ROSTO: I will need to know.
LUCIE MILLER: That's not the important bit.
ROSTO: Then what is the important bit?

LUCIE MILLER: I'm bleeding telling you, if you'd stop interrupting me, you great big garden bug!
ROSTO: There's no need to be offensive.
LUCIE MILLER: Since when did they start employing centipedes as policemen, anyway? Aren't there any human policemen left?
ROSTO: There are interplanetary police marshals of many species, including several humanoid races.
LUCIE MILLER: Well, good. Why can't I see one of them? One of the humanoid ones?
ROSTO: That can be arranged. But it could take some time.
LUCIE MILLER: Well, get a move on. It's blooming unnerving looking across the table at you, after what your lot did to the Doctor.
ROSTO: Your lot?
LUCIE MILLER: Yes. Centipedes, Trell, or whatever you are.
ROSTO: Please try to be calm.
LUCIE MILLER: All right, I'm calm. You want to know what happened? Right, the TARDIS landed, we opened the door, and...

(Flashback - laser blast flashes past.)
LUCIE MILLER: Doctor, look out!
(Hissing of creature.)
THE DOCTOR: Lucie, run.
(THE DOCTOR cries out.)
LUCIE MILLER: Let him go, you great big...
TRELL: Doctor secured. Secure this female.
THE DOCTOR: Run! Lucie, run!
(Running on metal.)

ROSTO: This Trell spoke with a mechanical voice?
LUCIE MILLER: Yeah, so?
ROSTO: That's not usual.
LUCIE MILLER: Maybe its translator thingy was, you know, a bit cheap or something.
ROSTO: And these Trell looked exactly like me?
LUCIE MILLER: More or less. Well, they were wearing ... I don't know, sort of metal stuff, and they had ... kind of hat things on.
ROSTO: Hat things?
LUCIE MILLER: I don't know, I didn't look too close. Metal hats with lights on top.
ROSTO: Lights on top?
LUCIE MILLER: Look, I just took the Doctor's advice and ran.

(Flashback. Running.)
LUCIE MILLER: No, no, no, no, no. I shouldn't be running.
THE DOCTOR: Keep moving, Lucie! Don't let them find you!
(Running continues.)

ROSTO: Where did you run to?
LUCIE MILLER: Er, have you looked at my clothes? I asked for some clean ones but the crew here weren't interested.
ROSTO: You hid in a waste pipe?
LUCIE MILLER: For hours. I thought...
ROSTO: Continue, please. Everything you're saying is being recorded.
LUCIE MILLER: I was scared, all right? I thought they were bound to find me. Sniff me out. I guess the smell from the pipe put them off the scent or something. I don't know, a couple of times they were ... they were right next to me, almost brushing against me.
ROSTO: The Trell?
LUCIE MILLER: Yes, the Trell. And...
ROSTO: And?
LUCIE MILLER: Like I said, there was someone with them. A woman, I think. And she was with them. Well, it seemed that way, but ... she was definitely a woman. Well...
ROSTO: You're not sure?
LUCIE MILLER: She was wearing some sort of ... space get-up. But she had, you know, a right figure on her. And she was wearing something a bit like a combat helmet, with a sort of dark

visor thing. I only got a few glimpses. She may not have even been with your Trell friends, I couldn't swear to that.
ROSTO: And you didn't see your friend the Doctor again?
LUCIE MILLER: No. No, I didn't. They must have took him, kidnapped him.
ROSTO: Thank you, Lucie Miller.
LUCIE MILLER: You don't believe me, do you?
ROSTO: I must continue my investigation elsewhere now.
LUCIE MILLER: What?
ROSTO: I will ask for your detention here to continue, until you can be transferred to a prison ship.
LUCIE MILLER: A pris...? Hey, no way!
ROSTO: I may well need to speak to you again.
(Door sliding open.)
LUCIE MILLER: Wait a minute!
(Her voice echoes.)

(Flashback from Dead London. Walking.)
LUCIE MILLER: You see, Doctor? Two Thousand And Eight London *was* the next time zone along.
THE DOCTOR: All right, I admit it. You were right and I was wrong. What are you looking up there for?
LUCIE MILLER: A blue moon.
(THE DOCTOR laughs.)
THE DOCTOR: I walked into that one.
(LUCIE MILLER chuckles.)

LUCIE MILLER: Oh, Doctor. You can't just have been ... Where the hell are you! I miss yer. I can't not ever see you again. That'd be rubbish.
(Sobbing.)

(Bleeps.)
ROSTO: Police Marshal Rosto Caradia Trell. Scene-of-crime report, recording in Trell and humanoid vocalisation. Stowaway Lucie Miller alleges she arrived on Zarodnix's freighter Euretz in her ship the TARDIS, type unspecified. She alleges she had one associate named the Doctor. There is no trace of either the TARDIS or the Doctor. Lucie Miller alleges the Doctor, and presumably the ship TARDIS, were taken by a hostile force of Trell, accompanied by an unidentified humanoid female. Initial conclusions - a highly unlikely story. It is a matter of historical record that the Trell are a peaceful, highly ordered race.
(Electronic humming.)
ROSTO: Am now scanning for any particle traces that may support the suspect's story - or, more importantly, provide clues as to what actually happened.

LUCIE MILLER: Oh, come on!
(Sound of TARDIS materialisation starts up.)
LUCIE MILLER: Hey. Doctor? Doctor, is that you?
(Materialisation stops.)
STRAXUS: Ah!
LUCIE MILLER: You!
STRAXUS: Lucie Miller.
LUCIE MILLER: You're, er ... S ... Str ... Strax...
STRAXUS: Straxus.
LUCIE MILLER: Yes. I knew it was something funny like that.
STRAXUS: Funny? There's nothing funny about my name...
LUCIE MILLER: Where's the Doctor? Have your lot got him?
STRAXUS: Our lot?
LUCIE MILLER: The Time Lords.
STRAXUS: No, that's why I'm here.
LUCIE MILLER: Why? What do you mean?
STRAXUS: To find the Doctor. Where is he?
LUCIE MILLER: Why?

STRAXUS: That's none of your business, young lady.
LUCIE MILLER: Listen pal, it's very much my business actually, because I've been stuck in this cell for the best part of two days, and all because the Doctor got snatched when he...
STRAXUS: Snatched? This is serious.
LUCIE MILLER: I flipping know.
STRAXUS: Two days ago?
LUCIE MILLER: Yes.
STRAXUS: Hmm, well, two days isn't bad in the grand scheme of things. I think this counts as a near miss.
LUCIE MILLER: What?
STRAXUS: Given the vastness of eternity. Well, excuse me, I shall have to report back. They'll probably ask me to have another go.
LUCIE MILLER: Another go at finding the Doctor, you mean?
STRAXUS: Yes. What a clever girl you are.
LUCIE MILLER: You are so close to a thump, Straxus.
STRAXUS: How charming. I'd almost forgotten quite how unpleasant you actually are...
LUCIE MILLER: Look, if you're going to find the Doctor you can take me with yer, can't yer?
STRAXUS: Not back to Gallifrey.
LUCIE MILLER: Why not?
STRAXUS: Lesser species aren't allowed.
LUCIE MILLER: Lesser? You cheeky...
STRAXUS: Well, it's been lovely chatting, Miss Miller, but I really do have to go.
LUCIE MILLER: Hey, wait a minute, hang on. What's going on? Why are you looking for the Doctor - what do you think's happened to him?
(Dematerialisation starts.)
STRAXUS: The less you know, the better for you, Lucie.
LUCIE MILLER: Oh, shut up.
STRAXUS: Trust no-one, Lucie Miller. Something terrible is happening in the Universe. Any knowledge of it could be deadly for you.
LUCIE MILLER: What? Don't talk rubbish!
STRAXUS: Keep out of harm's way, leave the rest to us.
LUCIE MILLER: What's that supposed to mean, you stuck-up ... And you can stop that vanishing stuff, I haven't finished with you yet!
STRAXUS: Goodbye!
LUCIE MILLER: Don't leave me here!
(Dematerialisation fades. LUCIE MILLER sighs.)
LUCIE MILLER: Stuck-up git.

(Scanner bleeps.)
ROSTO: Scanner reveals DNA traces additional to the human. Human DNA matches that of the suspect Lucie Miller. Additional trace one, scanning.
(Pulsing scans.)
ROSTO: Type unknown. Preliminary data suggests highly evolved humanoid species of some kind. Hmm. Additional trace two, scanning.
(Bleeps.)
ROSTO: Trell. It seems Lucie Miller was telling the truth about that.
(Scans continue.)
ROSTO: Metallic? Traces of technological implantation in Trell DNA. But that's not possible.
(Steady bleeps.)
ROSTO: Picking up something else. Have located small metal artefact, two millimetres in diameter, spherical. Identification ... negative. Purpose ... unknown. I will consolidate these readings then further interrogation of Lucie Miller is required.

(Door slides open.)
LUCIE MILLER: At last. Oh. Who are you?
(Door closed.)
HASPIRA: My name is Haspira.
LUCIE MILLER: Hasp...? Are you a member of the crew? You don't look like those people who ... Wait a minute, you're not...?
HASPIRA: Not what?

LUCIE MILLER: That centipede thing said I was entitled to see a human police officer, but he said that would take time.
HASPIRA: That's right. I happened to be in the area and was happy to respond.
LUCIE MILLER: Oh, great. I mean, nothing against your, er, colleague, but ... you know, he was a flaming great insect thing, and it was his lot who took the Doctor.
HASPIRA: Ah yes, I've read the Marshal's initial findings. You managed to escape when your friend the Doctor was taken by the Trell.
LUCIE MILLER: Yeah. Yeah, that's right. You mean, you believe me?
HASPIRA: I ... see no reason why not to.
LUCIE MILLER: Oh, good. So what happens now?
HASPIRA: What would you like to happen now?
LUCIE MILLER: Well, I'd like us to find...
HASPIRA: Find the Doctor, of course. Was he a good friend of yours?
LUCIE MILLER: Er, yeah. Yeah, he was. Is. We've ... we've been through a lot together, you know. Do you know where he might have been taken? Do you think he's in danger?
HASPIRA: You're ... from Earth, I believe.
LUCIE MILLER: Yes. Why?
HASPIRA: Then I suggest the best thing we can do is get you to the nearest Earth embassy and take things from there.
LUCIE MILLER: But what good's that going to do?
HASPIRA: If the Doctor was kidnapped by hostile forces, your life might be in danger. Whoever they are might be looking for you too. While we try to find the Doctor, it's important that you're safe.
LUCIE MILLER: But...
HASPIRA: The embassy can issue a description of the Doctor and we can make a galaxy-wide appeal for any sign of his whereabouts.
LUCIE MILLER: Wow. Galaxy-wide? I mean, that sounds like a pretty good start.
HASPIRA: Good. Then we should leave straight away.
LUCIE MILLER: But what about - you know, the big centipede fella? Er, Rosto.
HASPIRA: Er ... I really don't think we have to worry about him any more, do you?
LUCIE MILLER: (chuckle) Nah. He's probably got a long visit to his chiropodist to worry about, eh?
(LUCIE MILLER then HASPIRA laugh.)
HASPIRA: I expect so. Come on. It's time we set about reuniting you with your friend.

(Materialisation.)
BULEK: Ah, Straxus, at last.
STRAXUS: Oh, I really do hate these Time Ring things.
BULEK: Oh, you'd rather risk travelling in a TARDIS, would you?
STRAXUS: Well, I actually...
BULEK: Time Rings are the only safe way to travel. With the Time Scoop active and Zarodnix tinkering with time technology...
STRAXUS: Yes, I know, I know. I know. I just keep feeling as if I'm being ... pulled inside out whenever I enter the vortex.
BULEK: Huh! You're late, by the way.
STRAXUS: I am, and I was. I missed the Doctor by two days. They've snatched him.
BULEK: But how can you be sure if you didn't speak to him?
STRAXUS: I spoke to his, er ... helper, Lucie Miller.
BULEK: And why didn't you bring her back with you?
STRAXUS: What, here? To Gallifrey? We can't allow people like...
BULEK: Straxus, this is a time of dire emergency. She may have vital information.
STRAXUS: Oh, I doubt it.
BULEK: Well, did you ask her?
STRAXUS: She's ... a very irritating young woman. I find it difficult to talk to her.
BULEK: Difficult? I need hardly remind you of what might happen if Zarodnix gets hold of the Doctor.
STRAXUS: No, Co-ordinator, I ... I'm sorry. It's just that I thought that our energies were best used in finding the Doc...
BULEK: This Lucie Miller is your only lead so far, Straxus. Get back to her now, find the Doctor, keep him from Zarodnix, bring him here if you can.

STRAXUS: Yes. Of course, Co-ordinator Bulek.
BULEK: Now, go! The survival of the Time Lords and the whole Universe of Space and Time depends on what you do next.

(Door glides open, closed.)
LUCIE MILLER: Wow. This is ... What a great ship. Really swish.
HASPIRA: Thank you.
LUCIE MILLER: You're not telling me this is ... well, just a police car?
HASPIRA: I'm ... not sure I follow you.
LUCIE MILLER: Of course. Sorry. I mean, this can't be, you know, just for work. It's so, you know, luxurious.
HASPIRA: Thank you. Excuse me one moment.
(Bleeps.)
HASPIRA: Right. Well, we're on our way. I've set course for the nearest Earth embassy.
LUCIE MILLER: Oh. Great. Is it far?
HASPIRA: You ... seem a little ... ill-at-ease.
LUCIE MILLER: What? No. Well ... Look, I'm really grateful for what you're doing Haspira, I mean, I really am, so don't take this the wrong way, but ... well...
HASPIRA: Go on. It's all right.
LUCIE MILLER: Well ... leaving here ... it's like we're admitting that the Doctor's ... gone.
HASPIRA: I'm ... sure he's all right...
LUCIE MILLER: No you're not, be honest, you haven't a clue and neither have I. God! If only we had some sort of clue about what could have happened to him. It's like whoever it was, was waiting for us.
HASPIRA: Waiting for your TARDIS to arrive?
LUCIE MILLER: You know about the TARDIS?
HASPIRA: It was in Rosto's report.
LUCIE MILLER: But ... who would know about the TARDIS? I mean, it just appears out of nowhere.
HASPIRA: Does it? How does it do that?
LUCIE MILLER: Oh, it doesn't matter. In fact, I really don't know myself. The Doctor's the expert. He's a Time ... Wait a minute.
HASPIRA: What?
LUCIE MILLER: Straxus.
HASPIRA: I'm sorry?
LUCIE MILLER: Straxus. He's a Time Lord like the Doctor, and he was after the Doctor - maybe it was the Time Lords who ... Oh, but how did centipede things fit into it? And that woman.
HASPIRA: What woman?
LUCIE MILLER: I thought I caught sight of a woman when those Trell things grabbed the Doctor.
HASPIRA: Did you get a good look at her?
LUCIE MILLER: No. No I didn't, she had a ... thing, you know, a visor or something over her face.
HASPIRA: Pity. We could have done a facial reconstruction and put it out with the description of the Doctor.
LUCIE MILLER: Yeah. Yeah, I suppose, yeah.
HASPIRA: Are you all right?
LUCIE MILLER: Er, no. No I don't think I am. I mean, I'm covered in muck and I haven't slept much in ... well, the Doctor and me ... we were having a good time, you know. I mean, a really good, fun time, a ... and ... er ... well ... I liked being with him. I know it was dangerous a lot of the time and maybe I moaned a bit, but ... it was like ... Oh! Why do I keep saying "was"? Was, like it's all over? It can't be, it ... it can't be, not yet.
HASPIRA: Look, you should get some rest and freshen up. My cabin's through here.
(Door slides open.)
LUCIE MILLER: Thanks.
(She yawns.)
LUCIE MILLER: Are you sure?
HASPIRA: I'm sure.
LUCIE MILLER: Thanks. I haven't slept for two days.
HASPIRA: I know.

(Walking.)
LUCIE MILLER: I'm such a mess. Me clothes are...
HASPIRA: (off) There's a shower, and you'll find some spare clothes.
LUCIE MILLER: Oh, yeah, that's great. Cheers.
HASPIRA: (off) Night-night, Lucie.
LUCIE MILLER: Thanks.
(Door slides over.)
LUCIE MILLER: Nice bed.
(Lying on bed.)
LUCIE MILLER: Mm. Nice bed. Should have a shower first. Yes.
SISTERHOOD VOICE: Sacred flame.
LUCIE MILLER: Mm, what? Mm.
(Humming of teleportation sound.)
SISTERHOOD VOICE: Sacred flame, sacred fire. Sacred flame...
LUCIE MILLER: Mm ... Doctor? What's happening?
SISTERHOOD VOICE: Sacred fire. Sacred flame.
LUCIE MILLER: What's happening? Doctor?
(Metallic bump and the teleportation humming sound stops. LUCIE MILLER gasps.)
LUCIE MILLER: Hey. What's going on? Haspira? What the hell? Oh my God.
(Running. Laser blasts.)
LUCIE MILLER: Haspira? How the hell did that thing get in here?
HASPIRA: Lucie, get back and close the door!
(HASPIRA gasps.)
HASPIRA: My God!
LUCIE MILLER: Leave her alone, you monster. You can't kill her, she's a policeman ... woman, I mean.
ROSTO: I assure you she isn't, Lucie Miller.
HASPIRA: Get off me, you monstrosity! Lucie, it's talking rubbish!
LUCIE MILLER: Rosto, is that you? What are you doing here?
ROSTO: Rescuing you.
LUCIE MILLER: Rescuing? Don't be daft. She's taken over my case now. You said you'd put in a request for a humanoid marshal and she...
ROSTO: I haven't had time to put in that request yet.
LUCIE MILLER: Oh. But ... Oh.
HASPIRA: Don't listen to him, Lucie. He - he's in league with the Trell who took the Doctor.
LUCIE MILLER: What?
HASPIRA: I didn't want to tell you before. You were distressed enough with the...
ROSTO: How would *you* know that Lucie's friend was taken by the Trell?
LUCIE MILLER: She read it in your report. Hah.
ROSTO: What report? The one on my personal recorder? The one that nobody else has heard yet? I've never seen this humanoid female before, Lucie, but I think you have.
LUCIE MILLER: Me?
HASPIRA: Lucie, my gun. It's over there by you. Pick it up, shoot this monster before it kills both of us.
ROSTO: Lucie, I advise you not...
LUCIE MILLER: Shut up, you. Just both of you, just shut up, all right?
HASPIRA: Lucie...
LUCIE MILLER: Quiet, I am thinking.
ROSTO: I have something you might be interested to see, Lucie.
(Laser blast.)
LUCIE MILLER: Oh ... so... sorry. Didn't mean that to go off.
HASPIRA: The trigger is very sensitive?
ROSTO: Are you still thinking?
LUCIE MILLER: What is it you want to show me, and no sudden moves, you big ... bug.
ROSTO: Perhaps. Yes. If you look at this woman's left ear.
LUCIE MILLER: What about it?
HASPIRA: He's just playing for time.
LUCIE MILLER: She's wearing an ear stud, so?
ROSTO: And in the other ear?

HASPIRA: And in the other ear I'm not. So what?
LUCIE MILLER: I have to agree with her, Rosto old fella, keep still or I'll shoot.
ROSTO: I merely wanted to show you this.
LUCIE MILLER: What is it? Another ear stud?
ROSTO: Yes. I realise that your human eyes can't see much from that distance, but I assure you both studs are identically marked, and I found this one in the cargo bay of the Euretz.
HASPIRA: That's not mine.
ROSTO: That, coupled with the fact that this female knew about the Trell who took your friend the Doctor, without having access to my recorder presents, I would argue, at least a reasonably circumstantial case.
LUCIE MILLER: Well Haspira, got any answers?
HASPIRA: Look, let me take this ear stud out and show you...
LUCIE MILLER: Steady. Okay, slowly.
HASPIRA: I'm sure this misunderstanding can be easily cleared up!
(Gas. LUCIE MILLER gasps.)
LUCIE MILLER: Rosto, stop her.
(LUCIE MILLER coughing, a humming as door closes.)
ROSTO: Lucie, are you all right?
LUCIE MILLER: She gassed us. Where did she go?
ROSTO: Through that door. Are you sure you are well?
LUCIE MILLER: You really are one of the good guys, aren't you?
ROSTO: Yes. Where does it lead to?
LUCIE MILLER: Just to her cabin. Ah, it's locked. Do I blast it open?
ROSTO: I have a feeling you'd rather like to.
LUCIE MILLER: (chuckle.) Yeah. It does feel a bit like being on a cop show, don't it? Which bit should I fire at?
ROSTO: By the handle, I would suggest.
LUCIE MILLER: Here goes.
(Blast. Humming noise of teleportation again.)
LUCIE MILLER: Hey. I recognise that noise. What's happening to her? Hey!
SISTERHOOD VOICE: Sacred flame, sacred fire.
LUCIE MILLER: What the hell's going on?
SISTERHOOD VOICE: Sacred flame, sacred fire.
LUCIE MILLER: She's gone.
ROSTO: Some sort of teleport?
LUCIE MILLER: Er, well, I've never seen anything like that before. All that sacred flame and fire stuff. What are you looking for? Bedbugs?
ROSTO: No mechanism under the bed. If it was a teleport, what powered it?

(Humming noise of teleportation.)
SISTERHOOD VOICE: Sacred flame, sacred fire.
ORTHENA: You have returned to us empty-handed, Haspira. Why?
HASPIRA: Please. Orthena...
ORTHENA: Do not beg. It is unbecoming. Where is the human girl, the companion of the Doctor?
HASPIRA: I gained her confidence, took her aboard my ship. Did you not feel her presence?
ORTHENA: Yes, but the process was interrupted.
HASPIRA: That damn Trell Police Marshal. We didn't bargain on the secrecy within the Zarodnix Corporation. The crew of the Euretz had no idea about Zarodnix's plans. When they found the girl they did the law-abiding thing and reported her to the police as a stowaway.
ORTHENA: We must bring her here. She may have vital Time Lord information.
HASPIRA: She is aware that the Doctor is a Time Lord, and she's encountered Straxus.
ORTHENA: And if Zarodnix's people find her she may be able to help his cause, however unknowingly. We cannot risk that. All links with the Doctor must be destroyed. It must be as if he had never existed.
HASPIRA: But how can we...
ORTHENA: Do not fear, Haspira. I have a plan.

LUCIE MILLER: So if that was a teleport thing, wherever this Haspira woman went to, I mean, I must have been on my way there earlier, when I heard all that "sacred flame" stuff. She was...

ROSTO: Trying to kidnap you, yes. Has she kidnapped the Doctor, perhaps?
LUCIE MILLER: You mean, she was the woman I saw with your Trell buddies?
ROSTO: They were not my buddies. I found evidence of ... well, I'm not sure. Technological augmentation.
LUCIE MILLER: What, you mean like bionic bits?
ROSTO: Perhaps. It suggests that they were controlled or under some kind of influence. It is not in the Trell nature to engage in illegal activities.
LUCIE MILLER: I suppose I have to take your word for that, do I?
ROSTO: Will you?
LUCIE MILLER: Well, are you taking my word for what happened to the Doctor?
ROSTO: Mm, the evidence is ... pointing towards the veracity of your story, Lucie.
LUCIE MILLER: Thanks. Thanks, Rosto. Look, erm, er...
ROSTO: What's the matter, Lucie?
LUCIE MILLER: I'm sorry if I was, you know, a bit ... well, offensive about you earlier.
ROSTO: Are you referring to the "garden bug" remark?
LUCIE MILLER: Er, well, not just that. I ... I was upset, but I suppose there's no excuse really.
ROSTO: No excuse?
LUCIE MILLER: Well, for ... racism, I suppose you'd call it. Erm ... Look, I'm really sorry.
ROSTO: You were just scared, Lucie. I understand that.
LUCIE MILLER: Is that you forgiving me?
ROSTO: You seem embarrassed. There's no need.
LUCIE MILLER: Well, that's ... that's, you know, very kind of you. I don't know if I'd be so forgiving in your shoes.
ROSTO: Perhaps it's because I'm one of the good guys.
LUCIE MILLER: (chuckle) Yeah. Must be, I suppose. Yeah. Well, thanks, anyway.
ROSTO: You're welcome, Lucie Miller.
LUCIE MILLER: Okay. Okay. Well, that's good. Right. But what do we do now?
ROSTO: We have to find out where these augmented Trell came from, and who this Haspira woman is.
LUCIE MILLER: The ear stud. Can we find out anything about it? L-let's have a look. You said there was a mark on it.
ROSTO: Can you see it?
LUCIE MILLER: Tiny. Looks like ... flames. Hey, sacred flame, sacred fire. But ... what the hell does that mean? We should look it up on the Internet or something.
ROSTO: The Galactinet?
LUCIE MILLER: The Galactic ... What's that?
ROSTO: You've never heard of it?
LUCIE MILLER: Humour me.
ROSTO: It's a supra light microwave information network transmitted across hyperspatial transmission conduits.
LUCIE MILLER: Oh. Is it? Sounds like the Internet to me. Do we have access to it?
ROSTO: Every ship does.
LUCIE MILLER: Fantastic, right. Well, let's get on it, and look up "sacred flame" logos, and, I don't know, bionic Trell. What do you say, Rosto?
ROSTO: I say, yes.
LUCIE MILLER: Okay, bug buddy, let's go for it. Oh. Sorry. Got a bit carried away there.
(She gives a small embarrassed cough.)

ZARODNIX: What do you mean, you've lost the Time Lord?
TRELL 1: The agent Haspira took him into custody while we searched for the human girl.
ZARODNIX: And where is agent Haspira? You mean she's gone too?
TRELL 1: We thought she was aboard our ship with the Doctor. When we arrived back on Karn, the cell was empty except for a bio-transmitter device.
ZARODNIX: A bio... What the hell are you talking about, you idiot?
TRELL 1: The device was transmitting false bio-signatures that made our internal scanners indicate Haspira and the Time Lord were still aboard.
ZARODNIX: Show me the device.
(Metal passed.)
ZARODNIX: Mm! This is ancient Time Lord technology, you fools, Haspira must be working for the Time Lords. Who was this Time Lord, do you know?

TRELL 1: The human female called him Doctor.
ZARODNIX: Doctor? Doctor, Doctor, Doc... Yes. Yes, there are legends about him, a renegade. He was here on Karn. Did you bring his TARDIS? I see the concept of idiocy does not begin to define your incompetence. Haspira and the Doctor have escaped in his TARDIS, you fools!
TRELL 1: Mighty Zarodnix, please forgive us...
ZARODNIX: Shut up - just shut up for one moment. Sick of the sound of your chatter.
(He sighs.)
ZARODNIX: We traced his TARDIS before. We have a log of its time signature.
(Single bleep.)
ZARODNIX: Operations Control.
TRELL 2: (communicator) I await your commands, Mighty Zarodnix.
ZARODNIX: Increase the power to the TPMs immediately, set them to trace the latest TARDIS signature, do you understand?
TRELL 2: (communicator) Yes Mr Zarodnix, but...
ZARODNIX: But what?
TRELL 2: (communicator:) The cost of energy for the Time Particle Monitors is ... extremely high. Locating the materialisation point of that TARDIS depleted most of...
ZARODNIX: Don't give me excuses, you insect. The Time Lords' Time Scoop will be chasing that TARDIS again. You should find it easy enough to locate and if you need more energy then ... Oh, just sell another system of planets and buy what you need.
TRELL 2: (communicator) The market is currently somewhat depressed. We may not be able to obtain the highest price for...
ZARODNIX: It doesn't matter, do what you have to do, nothing else matters, sell anything, the work we're doing here is for the future glory of the Universe, for our glory, for the new Empire that is to come - sell, sell, sell! Get me the power we need, we must find this Doctor, you hear me, find him!
(Bleep.)
ZARODNIX: (calmer) Idiots. Idiots. Now, escort me to the processing chamber. It will soon be time for the final extraction.

(Door opened. Chains rattling.)
HASPIRA: Wake up.
THE DOCTOR: I *am* awake. I was just resting my eyes. Not much of a view in here, I didn't want to wear them out. What do you want?
HASPIRA: Unchain him.
(Chains rattling.)
THE DOCTOR: Someone's paid my bail, have they?
HASPIRA: Silence. You are needed.
THE DOCTOR: Well, it's always nice to be needed. Where's Lucie?
HASPIRA: I said, silence.
THE DOCTOR: Ah yes, so you did.

(Spaceship descent.)

(Bleeps.)
LUCIE MILLER: That's it. That's the symbol. Stop there.
GALACTINET: Emblem of the Sisterhood of Karn.
ROSTO: *Sisterhood* of Karn?
LUCIE MILLER: Have you heard of them?
ROSTO: I've heard of Karn. It's one of Zarodnix's planets. They say it's where Zarodnix lives.
LUCIE MILLER: Who is this Zarodnix?
ROSTO: A businessman. Buys and sells planets.
LUCIE MILLER: Why?
ROSTO: To become rich. They say that he's a collector of ancient artefacts, that he's the richest man in the galaxy. Some say he's the richest in the Universe, but I'm sure that's just exaggeration put about by his PR agency.
LUCIE MILLER: But still, he's really rich by the sounds of it. Do you think this Sisterhood has something to do with him?
ROSTO: I don't know. Let's see.
GALACTINET: Sisterhood departed from the planet Karn fifty-two standard years ago when

planet was purchased by the Zarodnix Corporation. Current location of the Sisterhood, unknown.
LUCIE MILLER: But who are they?
GALACTINET: An ancient order of psychics.
LUCIE MILLER: Psychics? Were they for real do you think or just some sort of legend?
ROSTO: Psychic power may account for how Haspira teleported. Remember, there was no teleport technology beneath her bed.
LUCIE MILLER: You mean, she just thought her way out of here?
ROSTO: I'm not really familiar with such concepts, but I have encountered beings with certain telekinetic abilities during some of my cases.
LUCIE MILLER: What else has it got to say? Erm, tell us more about the Sisterhood.
GALACTINET: All files expunged.
LUCIE MILLER: What? Why?
ROSTO: Only someone as powerful and rich as Zarodnix would be able to do that. He could have intercepted the signals in the hyperspatial conduits.
LUCIE MILLER: Well, if you say so. But there must be ... I don't know, some other related information somewhere. What about that funny icon there? What's that mean?
ROSTO: Cross-reference point.
GALACTINET: Cross-reference, the Time Lords.
LUCIE MILLER: Bingo. I know the Time Lords all right.
ROSTO: I've never heard of them.
LUCIE MILLER: What does it have to say about them?
GALACTINET: Legendary race of time travellers. All files expunged.
LUCIE MILLER: Oh great. Not much. If you're right about this Zarodnix bloke, he seems a bit busy expunging for some reason. Wants to keep stuff to himself, I reckon.
ROSTO: Perhaps Lucie, but I must confess that I feel a little out of my depth.
LUCIE MILLER: So these Sisterhood ladies have a connection with the Time Lords, somehow. The Doctor's a Time Lord, so ... God, how does it all fit together? It's so frustrating. What's on this planet Karn now?
ROSTO: I told you - Zarodnix. His central office, probably.
LUCIE MILLER: Are you thinking what I'm thinking?
ROSTO: That we should go to Karn.
LUCIE MILLER: Well, it's a start. If we can find out more about the Sisterhood there, we might ... well, I don't know. We might know a bit more than we know now, and that's got to be good, hasn't it?
ROSTO: We could hardly know less. I will find Karn on the charts and set course.
(Warbling.)
LUCIE MILLER: Rosto?
ROSTO: Yes?
LUCIE MILLER: Never mind, it's a stupid question.
ROSTO: You want to know if I think your friend the Doctor is still alive, don't you?
LUCIE MILLER: What? Are you psychic now?
ROSTO: You shouldn't feel guilty.
LUCIE MILLER: Guilty?
ROSTO: You trust him, don't you?
LUCIE MILLER: What? Yeah, course I do.
ROSTO: He told you to run, didn't he?
LUCIE MILLER: Well, yeah.
ROSTO: You trusted him, so you ran. You shouldn't blame yourself. But you do, don't you?
LUCIE MILLER: Yeah. Suppose.
ROSTO: But if you had not run, you would have ... you would have been taken along with him, and then you wouldn't have met me.
LUCIE MILLER: What are you saying?
ROSTO: We are free and we have a lead in this case, however tenuous.
LUCIE MILLER: The case of the missing Doctor, you mean? Yes, I guess we do. But you want to know what your people have got to do with this, don't you?
ROSTO: It seems we both have good reasons for finding out the truth.
LUCIE MILLER: Mm. Well then, Karn here we come!

(Wind whistling.)

TRELL 1: Elevator descending. Elevator descending. Level Zero. Now proceeding to minus one.
(Bleep.)
ZARODNIX: Report on final extraction.
TRELL 2: Final extraction is now being made.
ZARODNIX: You may start without me, no further delays, this is the beginning of everything.
(Electronic alarm.)
ZARODNIX: What's that?
TRELL 2: Space Traffic Control reports an unknown ship entering Karn exclusion zone.
ZARODNIX: Oh, don't bother me with that. Have it monitored and if it gets too close, deal with it in the usual way.
TRELL 2: As you wish, Mr Zarodnix.
(Bleep.)

(Warbling bleeps.)
LUCIE MILLER: Are we nearly there yet?
(She laughs.)
LUCIE MILLER: Never mind. What are you doing? Found anything good? Hey, what's up?
ROSTO: I have been checking news bulletins from my home star system, it ... has been ... a long time since I was there.
LUCIE MILLER: Are you homesick?
ROSTO: It makes it easier if I cut myself off from home and concentrate on my work.
LUCIE MILLER: You mean, you've stayed out of touch with your home town to stop yourself getting homesick?
ROSTO: Yes. I suppose that is an accurate analogy.
LUCIE MILLER: Yep. I'm smarter than I look sometimes. What have you found out?
ROSTO: Many Trell worlds have been purchased by Zarodnix.
LUCIE MILLER: Purchased? How come?
ROSTO: Zarodnix makes offers that cannot be refused.
LUCIE MILLER: And what's happened on those worlds? Oh. Don't tell me. Files expunged.
ROSTO: Yes.
LUCIE MILLER: So, nobody knows what's happened, then.
ROSTO: But I think *we* have an idea, do we not, Lucie?
LUCIE MILLER: The bionic stuff, yeah. Do you think this Zarodnix bloke has been using some of your people as ... I don't know, henchmen?
ROSTO: Henchmen?
LUCIE MILLER: Like a private army?
ROSTO: Perhaps. Perhaps. It seems we're both without our friends now.
LUCIE MILLER: Well, at least we've got each other, eh?
ROSTO: Indeed we have, Lucie Miller. I think you are the most remarkable humanoid I've ever met.
LUCIE MILLER: Oh. Thanks. You're not so bad yourself, for a ten-foot centipede. Mind you, I do wish the Doctor was here, though. He'd be able to work all this out. Bad guys, bionic stuff, henchmen - this is all right up his street.

ORTHENA: Bring him forward.
(Shuffling forwards.)
ORTHENA: Nothing to say, Time Lord? The stories passed down by the Sisterhood tell of a prattling Doctor full of idle questions.
THE DOCTOR: Mm-hmm. My prattling days are over, Mother Superior. And as for idle questions, nobody's been particularly forthcoming since I got here, and I've no reason to assume the situation will have changed. Just take me back to Lucie, that's all I ask.
ORTHENA: I may be in a position to give you what you want, in a way.
THE DOCTOR: Really. And what "way" would that be? Sorry, just an idle question, naturally.
ORTHENA: Do you know what this is?
THE DOCTOR: A door?
ORTHENA: But what does it lead to?
THE DOCTOR: I know you're just aching to tell me.
ORTHENA: Oblivion.

LUCIE MILLER: Is that Karn?
ROSTO: Yes. The auto pilot is taking us into orbit.
LUCIE MILLER: Looks nasty.
(Electronic alarm.)
LUCIE MILLER: And that noise?
ROSTO: I'm not sure.
LUCIE MILLER: Since when were things that made that sort of noise ever good?
ROSTO: What do you mean?
LUCIE MILLER: Oh, just something the Doctor said.
(Bump. They gasp.)
LUCIE MILLER: Oh yeah. Just as I thought. Not good.
(Pulsating bleeps.)
LUCIE MILLER: Any luck?
ROSTO: It's an energy field of some kind. A security scan, perhaps. What is that?
(TARDIS materialisation sound.)
LUCIE MILLER: Now, I recognise that noise. Straxus? Straxus, is that you?
(Materialisation sound ends.)
LUCIE MILLER: Oh. Decided to show your face again, have you?
STRAXUS: Ah Lucie, just the girl I wanted to see.
LUCIE MILLER: Oh yeah?
ROSTO: Do you know this person, Lucie?
LUCIE MILLER: Not exactly.
STRAXUS: I'm afraid I'm going to have to ask you to stay out of this, whoever you are.
ROSTO: Shall I restrain him, Lucie?
(STRAXUS gasps.)
STRAXUS: Er, what? No. Stay back. Lucie, tell your friend to get his...
LUCIE MILLER: Yeah, he *is* my friend, not like you. You just turned up out of nowhere, gave me a bit of lip and left me in the lurch. I could have been killed, you know.
STRAXUS: Yes, well, I ... I'm sorry about that.
LUCIE MILLER: Yeah, you sound it.
ROSTO: Stay where you are. Do not touch that bracelet or I fire.
LUCIE MILLER: Yeah, we don't want him vanishing again. In fact, give that 'ere.
(Rushing over to take it.)
STRAXUS: No! That can be of no possible value to you. Only Time Lords can operate...
LUCIE MILLER: I'll give it back all in good time - after you've given me some answers.
STRAXUS: Lucie, you don't understand, you must come back to Gallifrey with me...
LUCIE MILLER: Sit down, Sunshine, and shut your trap. Or my big beautiful centipede friend here will start dancing on your head.
ROSTO: Will I?
LUCIE MILLER: Go with, Rosto, eh, go with. I'm enjoying meself here. Right. What has happened to the Doctor?

THE DOCTOR: So it's a molecular dispersal chamber, how quaint. Well, when I say quaint I mean utterly barbaric.
ORTHENA: We stole it from the Time Lords.
THE DOCTOR: Touché. Does it work?
HASPIRA: Of course it works...
THE DOCTOR: All right, all right, calm down. I was just wondering why you've waited all this time to show it to me. Presumably there's some kind of threat involved here. Please feel free to pleasantly surprise me.
ORTHENA: We need your help to find Lucie Miller.
THE DOCTOR: Lucie Miller?
HASPIRA: The one who travels with you.
THE DOCTOR: You've met her?
ORTHENA: Haspira?
(Bleeps, recording plays back:)
LUCIE MILLER: (recording) We were having a good time, you know. I mean, a really good, fun time, a ... and ... er ... well ... I liked being with him. I know it was dangerous a lot of the time and maybe I moaned a bit, but ... it was like ... Oh! Why do I keep saying "was"? Was, like it's all over? It can't be, it ... it can't be, not yet.

(Bleeps as recording ends.)
THE DOCTOR: If you recorded that, you must already know where she is.
HASPIRA: Oh, we do already know where she is.
THE DOCTOR: Then why do you need my help? Surely a bit of your mind power, hocus pocus, could teleport her here? Oh, you've already tried that, haven't you? Out of reach, is she? Come on, own up. Failure is one of the basic freedoms, you know.
HASPIRA: Silence!
THE DOCTOR: Ooh, touchy. Sorry, does this count as prattling?
ORTHENA: If your friend Lucie would but stand upon the sacred centre of Haspira's ship.
THE DOCTOR: Her ship? That's where Lucie is? And where exactly is Haspira's ship?
ORTHENA: Far from here.
(Telepathic humming.)
ORTHENA: Far from here. Far. (Gasps.) No!
THE DOCTOR: What is it, what's the matter?
ORTHENA: Karn. She is nearing Karn.
THE DOCTOR: She's coming here?
ORTHENA: We are not on Karn, Doctor. The Sisterhood departed that terrible world many years ago.
THE DOCTOR: Why? Where are we, then?
ORTHENA: None must know the secret of the Sisterhood.
THE DOCTOR: Oh, very mystical, I'm terribly impressed, but let's get to the point. What is Lucie doing near Karn?

STRAXUS: If your friend the Doctor hadn't been so stupid as to avoid the Time Scoop in the first place...
LUCIE MILLER: Time Scoop?
STRAXUS: ... I would...
LUCIE MILLER: You mean that big black hole that came screaming at us out of the vortex? And you seriously expected us to let ourselves get swallowed up by that...
STRAXUS: Swallowed up? It's not a monster, it's a huge...
LUCIE MILLER: ... Nasty great big black hole thing - yes, I know. Ever thought of just using the phone, or whatever it is you Time Lords use to invite people round for tea?
STRAXUS: In this time of emergency it isn't safe to acti...
LUCIE MILLER: And there you go again. What time of emergency? What's this awful thing that's happening in the Universe?
ROSTO: Lucie, shall I restrain him?
STRAXUS: No, certainly not.
(Bumps. Electronic alarm.)
STRAXUS: And what's going on here?
ROSTO: The energy field from Karn has increased in power. They are pulling us down to the planet.
STRAXUS: Karn? Did you say Karn?

(ORTHENA gasps.)
ORTHENA: She is in danger.
THE DOCTOR: Why should I believe you?
HASPIRA: You have no choice.
THE DOCTOR: You want me to participate in what? A chanting session? A psychic get-together so you can teleport Lucie here and imprison her with me?
ORTHENA: We need your mind to make the link with her. You have an affinity with her, Doctor. She needs your help.
THE DOCTOR: Well, you would say that, wouldn't you?
ORTHENA: Quickly.
HASPIRA: If you do not help, we will put you in the molecular dispersal chamber.
THE DOCTOR: You know, Haspira, you're a real charmer, aren't you?
ORTHENA: Doctor, you know you have no choice.
THE DOCTOR: Look at me, Orthena, look at me. Is Lucie really in danger?
ORTHENA: You *know* she is.

STRAXUS: Give me back that Time Ring. I've got to get out of here.

LUCIE MILLER: You have to? What about us?
STRAXUS: Us? Give me the bracelet now and I shall take you with me, Lucie. Those are my orders.
LUCIE MILLER: What about Rosto? It's too dangerous here. I'm not leaving him behind. I owe him my life.
STRAXUS: Oh, forget about Rosto.
LUCIE MILLER: No. Rosto, what's happening? Are they going to pull us to pieces or what?
ROSTO: They seem most insistent that we land.
STRAXUS: We can't. We can't land on Karn.
ROSTO: Why not?
LUCIE MILLER: What's so bad about Karn? I mean, I know this Zarodnix guy sounds like a bit of a creep, but...
STRAXUS: Don't you know why Zarodnix bought this planet?
ROSTO: He likes buying planets.
STRAXUS: Zarodnix is the leader of the Cult of Morbius!
LUCIE MILLER: The what of what?
STRAXUS: You idiots. You don't know what you've done. All right. Just give me the Time Ring and I'll get all of us out of here. Quickly, girl.
(Teleportation humming sound.)
LUCIE MILLER: Ah, ooh, I feel a bit...
ROSTO: Lucie? What's the matter?
LUCIE MILLER: Oh no, Rosto, it's like ... like before, before in Haspira's cabin.
(Teleportation sound fades.)
ROSTO: Lucie? Lucie!
STRAXUS: She gone. She's gone with my Time Ring. How could you do that, you stupid, stupid girl!

THE DOCTOR: Lucie?
LUCIE MILLER: Mm...
THE DOCTOR: It's okay.
LUCIE MILLER: Is it? Who are ... Doctor. Hey!
THE DOCTOR: It's all right.
(LUCIE MILLER laughs.)
THE DOCTOR: Are you all right?
LUCIE MILLER: I thought I'd never see you again. Oh God, I've really missed you, you know.
THE DOCTOR: I know.
LUCIE MILLER: Look, what happened? Where are ... we. Oh, you.
THE DOCTOR: You two have met, I take it.
HASPIRA: Welcome, Lucie Miller.
ORTHENA: You have done well, Doctor.
THE DOCTOR: Did I have a choice? And now what?
HASPIRA: Now that they are both here, Orthena, we can be sure.
LUCIE MILLER: Sure of what?
HASPIRA: That there will be no trace of the Doctor.
LUCIE MILLER: Eh?
ORTHENA: Put them in the dispersal chamber.
LUCIE MILLER: Dispersal chamber?
THE DOCTOR: Trust me, this isn't a good thing.
ORTHENA: Both shall die.